Falſ. You rogue, heeres lime in this ſacke too, there is nothing but rogery to be found in villanous man, yet a coward is worſe then a cup of ſacke with lime in it. A villanous coward. Go thy waies old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am *I* a ſhotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhangd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world *I* ſay, *I* would *I* were a weauer, *I* could ſing Pſalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, *I* ſay ſtill.

Prin. How now, Wolſacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A kings ſonne? if *I* do not beate thee out of thy kingdome with a dagger of lath, and driue all thy ſubiects afore thee like a flocke of wilde geeſe, ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

Prin. Why you horeſon round-man, what's the matter?

Falſt. Are you not a coward? anſwere me to that, and Poines there.

Poin. Zoundes yee fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord, ile ſtab thee.

Falſt. *I* call thee coward? ile ſee thee damnde ere *I* call thee coward, but *I* would giue a thouſand pound, *I* could runne as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue mee them that will face me; giue me a cup of ſacke. *I* am a rogue if *I* drunke to day.

Pri. O villaine, thy lips are ſcarſe wip't ſince thou drunkſt laſt.

Falſ. All's one for that. *He drinketh.*
A plague of all cowards ſtill ſay *I*.

Prince What's the matter?

Falſ. Whats the matter? here be foure of vs haue tane a thouſand pound this morning.

Prince Where is it? *Iacke*, where is it?

Falſ. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prince VVhat, a hundred, man?

Falſ. *I* am a rogue, if *I* were not at halfe ſword, with a dozen of them two houres together. *I* haue ſcaped by myracle. *I* am eight times thruſt through the doublet, foure through the hoſe, my

my buckler cut through and through, my ſworde hack't like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I neuer dealt better ſince I was a man, all would not doe. A plague of all cowards, let them ſpeake; if they ſpeake more or leſſe then trueth, they are villaines, and the ſonnes of darkeneſſe.

Gad. Speake, ſirs, how was it?

Roſs. We foure ſet vpon ſome douzen.

Falſt. Sixteene, at leaſt, my Lord.

Roſs. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew elſe, and Ebrew Iew.

Roſs. As we were ſharing, ſome 6. or 7. freſh men ſet vpon vs

Falſt. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought ye with them all?

Falſt. All? I knowe not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore old Iacke, then am I no two leg'd creature.

Prin. Pray God, you haue not murthered ſome of them.

Falſt. Nay, that's paſt praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them. Two I am ſure I haue payed, two rogues in buckrom ſuites. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, ſpitte in my face; call me horſe: thou knoweſt my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure rogues in buckrom let driue at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou ſayd'ſt but two, euen now.

Fal. Foure, Hal, *I* told thee foure.

Po. *I*, *I*, he ſaid, foure.

Fal. Theſe foure came all afront, and mainely thruſt at me. *I* made no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeuen points in my target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Fal. In Buckrom.

Poines. *I*, foure, in buckrom ſuites.

Fal. Seuen, by theſe hiltes, or *I* am a villaine elſe.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we ſhall haue more anon.

Fal. Doeſt thou heare me, Hal?

Prin. I, and marke thee too, Iacke.

Falſt